Pete Felt Like Peary at the Pole

Drawn for The Washington Times

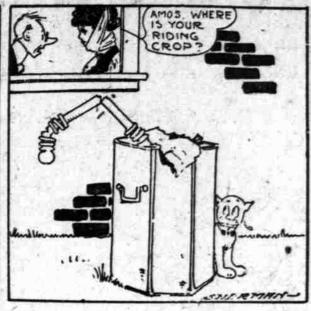
By C. L. Sherman











LOVE. THE CALL OF

Its Insistence

And Duration

BY PEGGY VAN BRAAM



OVE calls, but prudence cries out "Wait!" It is too late. Romance speeds swiftly on the wings of life; And she who ringers in the sweetheart days
Is ne'er a wife.

"What is the proper length for an engage-ment?" writes a girl to me, pleading that I say definitely what she shall do, since an ardent wooer begs for an early wedding and prudent parents urge delay.

She, herself, she writes, feels that one should

have a year or two before "settling down," and adds, girl-like, that she is perfectly happy as it is. To answer such a letter is difficult. But, on the whole, it seems to me that the engagement that drags out through the years ends more often in a separation than a wedding.

Wooing time is a wonderful time to every woman, and the call of love is sweeter than any other, but with the announced engagement there is a change. It means days of high tension, a feeling of always being on one's best behavior-a time when, although together, they have no way of consolidating their interests and getting to really know and understand one another.

Lure of Freedom Caused by Nagging

Sometimes if lack of money has caused the delay, the girl's parents will nag at her or taunt him for being such "poor stuff that ne cannot earn enough to keep a wife"; sometimes the delay is caused because a girl must look after her parents, and the man's relatives talk of his "being tied indefinitely" until he, himself, begins to feel the lure of freedom.

I do feel that the time to wed is when romance still flings its rosy mist over the world-when love is so great that it brooks no delay, when every foible or little habit is dear because it is his or

There is time enough for "settling down" after marriage, and time enough for prudence when you have your own home, but real love, and love that is worth while, makes either girl or man willing to risk a little poverty rather than be kept apart through the passing months

THE STAGE DOORKEEPER

a this write dog would Tr I was strong o thing. I'd sure put some of the funny meglomaniac jealous. ground here to fill a book, or maybe to the oblique was the fact that there two books and a half.

Has 'Em Jumping

"Here we are with Mrs. Mike O'Campbelieve me, she has some hard time live stock." livin up to her reputation; for she cer-tainly has the busiest little army or press agents that ever got their lunch that the biplane waited. hooks on a job. Say, she don't know what happened yesterday or the day before in her life until she sees tomorrow's papers. They've been pulling some funny stuff, and she gets up on her hind legs and lets out a roar every once in a while and insists on havin' some fresh press agent canned, but as long business is doublin' the boss hasn't got the heart to throw any hardworkin' press representative out on the cold, cold world.

"You saw all of those stories about

Reddy Smith On The Summer Season

when yu see all dese gurls-an' prutty wuns at dat-walkin' uh roun' in deir instead of nickels and dimes. If you shirtwaists, .sum widdout hats, an' all, wipin' de purspuration off deir faces wid dem little fluffy lace handkerchiefs. It's uh sure sign, Jimmie, I tells yu, sides, all dese dudes is carryin' dere noo straws in deir han's an' flickin' uh big handkerchief in de udder han'. I noterced it dis mornin' an' deir still

doin' it, so yu can bet yur las' dollar cat-dat de summer is here! An' baseball, golly Jimmie! yu can't hear nuthin' but baseball talk frum de time uh purson meets yu till dey

Down tu de river deir all talkin' 'bout boats, launches an' sail boats an' row heats, an' de ol' fishermen ur all plannin' trips tu de seashore.

I tells yur. Jimmie, summer is here! WHEN NOAH WAS A BOY



His mother used to kick about his bringing friends home to dinner in the summer. She explained that it was no joke hanging over a hot stove, 'cause the heat always made the varnish run off her face and left her a sticky mess. | trifle too tight."

The stage doorkeeper adjusted a special suite for in the hotels, didn't leather cushion behind his back, leaned you? Finkey-Fankey-Foo was his name. comfortably into it and placed his feet. And he was good for a column every in an altitudinous position, where they morning in any paper next to paid ad-nearly obscured the call board. "Kid," vertising. Say, the yarns about that

"But, with all those dog stories, the There's enough goin' on thing that struck me as being a little were never any pictures of the mutt. I found out the reason, though—she never had a dog, and Foo or Fooey was the result of a press agent's pipe dream. be'l headlinin' the bill this week, and, But she has something in the way of

"What?" asked the stagestruck youth, who was about to go on and announce "She's got the manager's goat," responded the doorkeeper, weartly.

Our Grocery Clerk Says Change, Please

The boss always counts ten before he gets mad at anybody. He was almost mad at old man Creeks, when he changed his mind. Do you know "You saw all of those stories about that remarkable dog that she carries 500 penny-in-the-slot machines, and around in her car and has to hire a every time he buys anything here. which is every day, he pays the boss in pennies. I've known him to shell over thirty coppers and look as if he was doing the boss the greatest favor he could think of.

The boss was just about to land on him, when he got the idea. He Summer is here, Jimmie! Did yu ever made the errand boy circulate among see anything like it? It's uh sure sign, all the kids in the neighborhood with the glad tidings that the boss was giving lots of pennies as change,



now anything about the grocery business, you know that kids do about one-quarter of the shopping. And until the parents put in a kick about being handed a handful of pennies every time Tommy comes home from the store, we expect the improved business to keep up.

Reason for Economy "It's all very well for you to preach conomy," said his wife, "but I notice whenever I cut down expenses that among them. you smoke better cigars and spend. She began h more money for your own pleasure than at any other time." "Well, confound it! What do you

Nothing Serious "I see your wife had to be carried to her carriage yesterday?"
"Yes; she had to be carried."

suppose I want you to economize for,

"What does the doctor say?" "We have no doctor. The dressmaker says she made the gown a tone.

Drawn for The Washington Times

By JAMES H. HAMMON

ALGY

After This He's Got to Can The Goat











Loretta's Looking Glass

SHE HOLDS IT UP TO THE Breaking-in Process



superabundance of fat-producing kindness. Apparently they want to reduce the mental energy-and consequently suffering-to a minimum so that layers and layers of adipose may accumulate succulently on the bony framework of the human delicacy they mean to de-

The Head Hunters

But the head hunters of a department store have no such tender mercy. They want to "break in" the new business woman with every form of torture possible. They want to tear down her womanly reserve. They want to shock her into insensibility, and, eventually, into participation in their slangy and even profane manners of speech.

Yes, I am talking about girls. The girls who were salesladies and models in a certain fashionable suit store particularly inspire the tirade.

And the victim of their "breaking-in" mistreatment was a young designer who took her first business position

She began by "begging pardon" when she passed in front of one of them. And "cut it!" was the elegant response

WOULD TAKE NO CHANCES Four-year-old Elinor took dinner at her grandparents' home. There were warm biscuits on the table, and she took the last biscuit. Grandpa, wishing to tease her, said: "Elinor, give me that biscuit. I want it to tease grand-ma." Elinor's reply came in a firm ma." "Oh, tease her wif a cracker; I want this biscuit to eat."

NNIBALS have all sorts of ways her courtesy met. When she happened that are doubtless humorous to mention a book she had been read- selves! And it would have taken hard and delightful to them, of preparing the victual victim for the boiling pot. But they are always marked by a gossip that was making the air of her among the twenty of them who had the small studio uncomfortable she was least desire to give their services in squeiched with "Get on to the high- return for their salaries. They worked

> Her hours were somewhat shorter little as they could and still be retained than the hours of the salesladies. I The designer was "broken in." So call them that because they like it, completely broken in that she left the not because this particular group DE- place at the end of two weeks in an SERVES it. They began heckling her ambulance. And the burden of her too nifty for their bunch.'

> There was a carefully preserved state of belligerency between the employes refined again if you think I do it just and the woman in charge of the de- to act smart!" partment. The woman frankly called the salesladies by a name that cannot be published. And, judging from the way they behaved, the term was at fault only in its inadequacy to do them

Mavbe This Is Not Amiss

Huntin' houses, Huntin' homes, Sticky blouses, Weary bones.

Feelin' blue, Losin' fat.

Climbin' to

"Honey, dear,"
"Can't afford"; Never fear," "We'll board."

Business women, they called thembecause they had to. And they did as side remarks about her being wailing delirium was, "I'm sorry I apologized for stepping on your toe! I won't do it again!" or "I'll never be

A Perfect Inferno The sister who came to watch beside her bed was amazed at the queer pleas. But she knows now that the barbarity of so-called business women made a perfect inferno of the short business experience. She knows that the dainty ways were ridiculed. She knows that the pretty manners were reviled. She realizes that the refinement of the de-signer made her unfit for close assosigner made her unfit for close asso-clation with some of her sex, so unfit eyes. Unflinchingly she returned his that she had to seek a more congenial gaze. atmosphere in the carbonic cleanliness again of the hospital. And she found the change and contrast restorative. A nice is speaking! comment on the kindness of girls to

NOTHING BUT SKIN Little Elsie, aged 3, while walking in the garden with her nurse one evening. "Whenever did any one want to put caught sight of the thin crescent of whiskers on Britannia?" asked G. K. the new moon, hanging low in the west, Chesterton, in his debate with Miss and exclaimed in great excitement: "Oh Cicely Hamilton, at Queen's Hall. look, look, nursie! The moon's all And yet we have seen the inscrip- all Saturday afternoon while a double-

MAMIE TELLS BELLE

If a Girl Can Make Sure

Of the Wedging Presents

ELOPEMENTS AREN'T SO BAD



HEY'RE great institutions, Belle-elopements. They combine romance and common sense, two desir ble

combine romance and common sense, two desir ble things that somehow or other seldom seem to be on speakin' terms, and, I think, when the right man comes along with the right proposition and gets it out of his system, I'll say, "Sure, let's elope!"

It's the on'y way I know o' dodgin' the fuss and feathers and the death-dealin' shower of rice and tired shoes, and Belle, they're things to be dodged. Don't think, though, that I'd rush off the blushin' groom without a word o' warning to some marryin' parson and miss the on'y good feature of a reg'lar wedding. Oh, no, Belle; I'd make sure o' gettin' the wedding presents.

Before eloping I'd see that the newspapers informed the waitin' world that Miss Belle McGuire was goin' to be married to-to-was goin' to be quietly married at the home of her parents at such and such a date, and on'y the fam'lies of the leadin' man and lady were to be present, so nobody'd feel slighted at not getting an invitation.

No Wedding Complete Without Presents

Then I'd spend a couple o' weeks blushin' becomin'ly and admittin' it, and hire a man to see that the express wagons didn't block the street deliverin' the presents. I don't think any weddin's complete without the presents, Belle. Just think of the humiliation o' havin' to show your friends around your new home without the satisfaction o' pointin' to a glitterin' row of twen'y-eight sugar bowls and an elegant assortment of two dozen bedroom slippers and sayin', "A few wedding token from our friends!"

After the arrival of the presents, o' course, I'd take the groom to one side and say, "Now, that we got enough sugar bowls and bedroom slippers to start housekeepin' on, why not have a nice, romantic

O' course he'd agree-there never was a man yet that wouldn't send a substitute to his own wedding if he thought the bride wouldn't object—and we'd steal off some dark night just as if my people weren't itchin' to lay out their hard-earned money for a big circus of a wedding, with the men guests as chief clowns.

Wouldn't it be great, Belle, havin' all the story-book sensations

of a real elopement and at the same time the comf table knowledge that all those sugar bowls and bedroom slippers are ready for you when you get home?

MR. PEEVED PROTESTS

Peeved, suddenly, laying down the sporting extra and frowning, "while I think of it, I want the question of where we're going this summer settled right now, so that there won't be any arguments about it in the future, as there was last summer. Petty, this year we'll go to the shore.

His Mind's Made Up

"Why, John," objected his wife, "I had my mind all made up on going to the country again. We had a delightful time last year, boating and all, and besides, the shore isn't Peeved, "if it's as bad as all that, enough of a change. The folks at of course we'll go to the shore. But the shore keep later hours than they I'll have to have the \$300 right do in the city even, and I believe the away."

"Three hundred—what in the name and watching some of those scandal- petty?"

ous bathing suits."

A Turkish Romance; Or, Veil of Mystery

Veiled in mystery and a regular voil of her many features, only her great dark, tragic eyes visible, she walked slowly down the twisting Turkish street. With touching fidelity the artist, Mr. Sherman, has depicted her in the accompanying il-

The scene was typically Turkish Great mosques roved restlessly



bark shrilly from the roadside bushes Suddenly she was face to face with the handsome American naval lieutenant. Fascinated, he gazed spell-But he did not want it, and again sent it back.

Ah, she moves closer. Ah, ah, she

"Real American chewing candy," she said, in an exquisitely modulated Turkish voice, packitch." "only fi' cents

ENGLISH JOKE FOR TODAY

While I think of it," said Mr. Much I care about them. It's the sea straight from the open sea that I'm thinking about, Mrs. Peeved, and I believe you don't want me to go there because you like to see me in a run-down condition."

"But"-"But, fiddlesticks! Here I am losing weight every day, slaving away for you and the kid, and when I venture to express a desire to breathe a little health giving atmosphere for two weeks, you'

Only Clothes "All right, John," interrupted Mrs.

men just want to go there so they "Three hundred—what in the name can have a good time in the cafes of sense are you talking about,

"Clothes, of course, Everybody "I don't care if you talk till you're knows that if you go to the shore black in the face," said Mr. Peeved, you have to have several changes loudly, "we're going to the shore this or you're considered nobody at all. year. Cafes and bathing suits indeed! Three hundred will just about cover it, including two new suits for Jackie, and as it takes some time to

be fitted"—
"Do you know, petty," broke in her husband, thoughtfully, "the more I think of that country idea of yours he more attractive it becomes. I've heard sea air isn't so beneficial as it's eracked up to be, anyhow."
"Well, 'whichever you

John," answered Mrs. Peeved, trying to speak indifferently as she repressed a desire to wink at her embroidery.

Mild Breezes For Hot Days

THOUGHT IT A FABLE Old man Aesop had just promised his vife he'd be home early.

"You don't seem to put much de-pendence in his promise?" remarked "No," laughed Aesop's wife, hought perhaps it might be another of his fables."

Easily Explained Farmer Corncrib-"You advertise an Farmer Hayrick - "Yep.

OUR DEVIL WONDERS



What old General Sherman have said about working a foot press gone away, and there isn't anything tion, "Britannia and her heirs for header was being played eight blocks left but just its skin!"

| And yet we have seen the inscription all Saturday afternoon while a double-left but just its skin!" | And yet we have seen the inscription all Saturday afternoon while a double-left but just its skin!" | And yet we have seen the inscription all Saturday afternoon while a double-left but just its skin!" | And yet we have seen the inscription all Saturday afternoon while a double-left but just its skin!"





anyway?











THE THE

HOUSE RIVER

BOAT PENNY ARCADE

